

...yet the beautiful gentleness of Rose (whom she projected visiting to visit her) would, she thought, make a favorable impression on the old couple, and pave the way for a declaration of their son's sentiments. These skillful and cautious maneuvers were, however, totally disconcerted by the abrupt determination of the old Doctor, and nothing remained but to anticipate it, if possible, by a coup de main. This the energy of Constance's character peculiarly qualified her to do, and she was not slow to seize the opportunity. A friendship, similar to that which bound her and Rose, subsisted between her brother and a youth named Freyling, who resided in the house of the same worthy Dr. Schroder. (The doctor of the college,) under whose roof Constance was at present living, a visit to her brother. To Freyling she communicated the astounding intelligence of Rose's approaching immolation, and entreated his assistance in stimulating her diffident and unenterprising brother, to the exploit of carrying her off, taking upon herself the responsibility of the elopement, if it could once be fairly effected. Freyling, though himself once a devoted slave to the charms of Rose, had of late begun to find more congenial attractions in the frank manners and lively conversation of her friend. Various of a double alliance flitted before his eyes, as he listened to the singular proposal, and disposed him to overlook its rashness and eccentricity. The chief difficulty, of course, which presented itself to the two sapient counselors, arose from the want of funds to carry the fair beyond the danger of immediate pursuit, until the marriage could be celebrated in a neighboring territory. This Freyling undertook to obviate, and that without compromising the delicacy of his friend, by keeping him in ignorance of the mode of raising the supplies until after its success, which he entertained little doubt. Recommending secrecy to his fair ally, he sought his fellow-students, at that hour usually assembled to practice gymnastic exercises in the court of the dilapidated chateau.

Having drawn some of the elder ones into a circle round him, and climbed on a fragment of the ruins, which elevated him above the astonished auditors—"My friends," said he, with an air of mock solemnity which was habitual to him, "I hereby exorcise the Demons of selfishness, and banish him from a circle, to which I am about to propose a generous sacrifice worthy of the heroes of antiquity. You all know Rose Muller, most of you love her, but without hope of success, and with the certainty that one alone among you could enjoy the prize, even were it not on the point of being forever snatched from your grasp by a competitor to whom you would die rather than resign it. It is an insult to your understanding, as well as to your feelings, to ask whether each would not gladly yield his pretensions to the lovely Rose, rather than see her consigned to the arms of a dotard? Know, then, that her father has promised her in marriage to Professor Voss, and if some one of our fraternity is not chivalrous enough to rescue her, the finest creature in Germany will be many days eloped, he lost to the world for ever! My friends, a speedy elopement must avert this slur on the university; and as circumstances seem to point out Conrad Ranzler as a person most likely to achieve it with success, I propose, that a sum be forthwith collected among us to defray the expense of the journey, and cover the worthy couple beyond the reach of pursuit—with this proviso, that if Ranzler declines, or fails in the enterprise, it shall be undertaken, and the funds appropriated, by the next who can prove any title to the favor of Rose." The proposal, strange as it may seem to those who do not know German students, was carried by acclamation, and the hat of Freyling filled with as many six dollars as would have amply sufficed for a much more distant expedition. The means of conveyance, and precise time, became the next subject of consideration.

Constance's visit at Heidelberg, and the Season of College, were alike drawing to a close, and she had previously announced to her kind hosts her resolution to avail herself of her brother's escort to perform the journey home to Frankfurt. So far, all would answer extremely well; but to carry off Rose in open day, threatened more difficulty, especially, as in consequence of her impending nuptials, the otherwise obvious pretext of accompanying her friend on a visit to Frankfurt could not be resorted to.

To surmount this obstacle, a brilliant idea presented itself to the inventive Constance. The close of the academic term was to be inaugurated by a gala given by the students to the inhabitants in the beautiful gardens of the castle; and Constance, resigning equal impatience to reach home, and reluctance to lose the fête, proposed to conduct these objects by quitting Heidelberg late on the evening in which it was to take place, and proceeding as far as Mannheim, where she should appear, and there, by the carriage, to be in waiting to receive her. In the dusk of evening, and amid the bustle of the fête, Rose, she flattered herself, might easily be smuggled out of town; and when, in the innocence and civility of her heart, good Dr. Schroder insisted on Madame Muller Ranzler's accepting his Berlin and horses as far as Mannheim, there was something so poignant in clapping in the very protector's carriage, that he had to leave her, and Constance could return for his long absence.

All went on happily, as projected. The fête was unusually brilliant, and the consciousness of the event in which it was to terminate gave, even to the quondam admirers of Rose a cessation of joyful exultation, when they completed the gay youthful men of the enamoured Ranzler, with the awkward and absent professor. Dr. Muller, seeing his daughter closely attended by the bridegroom of his choice, never doubted that all was going on exactly as it should do; nor was any surprise excited when it was discovered that Rose had withdrawn some time before the collation, to assist in the preparations for departure of so dear a friend as Constance.

Rose, who it must be said for her, had, during the whole affair, been nearly passive in the hands of more energetic advisers, trembled violently as the moment approached for abandoning even a father who had never tested for her much amount of affection, but when Constance assured her that his favorite object of getting rid of her would be at least equally accomplished by her marriage with the object of her own affections, she suffered herself to be persuaded.

All the younger and gayer part of the Professor's domestics having been attracted to the fête in the ballroom, there only remained an old grey-headed servant, too little in the secrets of the family to feel any surprise at seeing there, instead of two passengers step into the berlin; nor did the message left in Rose's name, that she had yielded to her friend's entreaty to accompany her to the first stage, and return in the carriage, inspire him with the smallest doubt of its authenticity.

Off set the trio, long many a time to exchange the sober joy of peace of Dr. Schroder's sleek horses, and the contented whistle of his agricultural Jellu, for a rapid of motion surrounding more of a bridal, and especially a stolen one. There was here, however, no immediate danger of pursuit: so they re-

signed themselves to their fate, and in due time reached Mannheim, which, though a somewhat circuitous route to Frankfurt, had been selected by the contrivers of the expedition, both from the facilities afforded by a large city for shaking off their simple character, and as lying more directly in the way to the residence of an uncle of Rose's, its primitive pastor, who they flattered themselves might save them the trouble of a further journey, and be induced to join the hands of the young couple, by the united eloquence of love, friendship, and necessity.

On arriving at the hotel at the entrance of Mannheim where the carriage of Constance's father was to meet them, it was of course inquired for in vain; and the apparently annoyed travellers declining to sleep at the inn, set off, ostensibly, to pass the night at a friend's house, (where Rose was duly instructed to call in the morning for his fair charge,) but in reality to procure from another inn, at the opposite extremity of the town, the chaise and horses, which were to convey her long ere that hour, to her uncle's at Sandorf. To elude observation, as well as to baffle inquiry, should any be made, the anxious Constance and shrinking Rose encoined themselves within a porte-cochere, until Conrad, having hired, in the character of a single traveller, the best post wagon and horses, this second rate inn afforded, came to release them from their awkward situation, and they all gladly quitted Mannheim.

It was fortunate that a faint moon lent its glimmering aid to guide the stupid post-boy and sorry jades along the dreary sandy track which supplied the place of a road through a gloomy pine forest, where not even a sound from their own wheels broke the midnight stillness of the scene. Rose would have been in despair at the novelty and strangeness of her situation, had she not sometimes given a thought to Dr. Voss and the interminable Frankfort Gazette. Ranzler, naturally timid, and sharing her anxiety, was silent, and even Constance wished the adventure well over.

The post-boy, though he had professed perfect acquaintance with the bye road leading to the village, got evidently bewildered among the various tracks which crossed each other now amid the tall pines, now on the desolate open heath between—and the moon having now failed them, a light in a distant window was joyfully hailed, and Conrad dispatched to procure information as to the situation of Sandorf. Chance, on this occasion, as on some others, had proved the best of friends, and the lower found himself, with no small joy, at the door of his uncle, who, equally anxious (though in a different department) with his academic brother, was commencing the midnight oil over sundry choice morsels of Hebrew lore, with which he was in the habit of occasionally edifying his parishioners. On a signal from Ranzler, the carriage drew up to the door, and an event (nearly unparalleled to the simple annals of Sandorf) threw the learned Hebraist and his primitive house keeper into paroxysms of painful surprise. Rose, utterly incapable of appearing in the character of a fugitive before an uncle, whose learning had invested him in her eyes with a character little less awful than her father's, remained trembling in the carriage, supported by Conrad, while Constance, who saw herself reduced to carry the tresser by a coup de main, presented herself before the astonished presbyter. "Reverend sir," said she, "this is no time for apologies or explanations. You are of course interested in the welfare of your brother's daughter, the lovely and amiable Rose; and jealous of the honor of your respectable family. A youth, belonging to me, equally reputable and more wealthy, has succeeded, with the assistance of his sister, (who now addresses you,) in carrying her off from Heidelberg, where your brother was about to marry her to a man older than yourself, and not half so good looking. The die is cast—Rose has eloped. The affair, to-morrow morning will ring from Heidelberg to Frankfurt, whither we are hastening; and it remains with you, whether I shall carry my friend there, in disguise, under a deserting young man, or whether they shall wander farther in a very unpleasant situation, and owe to the casual good offices of a stranger their mutual happiness, and the only termination of which your niece's rash step now admits."

This reasoning, though rather vulnerable on some points, was, in the main, unanswerable. The good pastor was little in the habit of arguing with young ladies, and so completely under the dominion of an old one, that when his Dame Jacinta (previously won over below stairs by the secret words of Ranzler, and the sweet looks of Rose) joined in recommending the measure, he could no longer resist; and Rose, more dead than alive, and given away by the sexton, hastily roused from sleep at the double capacity of father and witness, became the wife of the transported Ranzler, and the sister of her faithful Constance.

A bumper of Rhein wine, older than the bride, was the only refreshment the trio had leisure or inclination to partake of, being most anxious to reach Frankfurt early, to anticipate those rumours which a few hours would put in circulation. It was a dreary, dark, and rainy night, and the high-road, the refreshment post-boy and seemingly conscious steeds trotted nimbly towards Darmstadt, where the reported liberality of the youthful travellers failed not to place at their command its gayest wagon and choicest nags.

It was hardly noon when they reached Frankfurt and the Römische Kaiser, which, in preference to any more obscure inn, the sagacious Constance had selected, that the notoriety of her arrival there, with her brother and a young lady, in sight operate in compelling (if necessary) her parents to make the best of an affair they could not hope to conceal.

Leaving the young couple to their own devices, what appetite they might, this indefatigable diplomatist threw herself again into the carriage, and drove to her father's door; before reaching which, the distress she intended feigning was exchanged for a real alarm and agitation, little requiring aid from art. Her heart beat violently as she ran up stairs, and when, on entering the room, she found her mother alone, and read in her face the terror inspired by her own pale countenance and haggard appearance, it smote her for inflicting even a momentary pang on so affectionate a parent. She bled, however, good ton far to recede, and to her mother's agonized exclamation, "My son! what of Conrad?" she only answered by a mournful shake of the head. Every fatal contingency of a lawless university life now flashed rapidly across Madame Ranzler's mind, and seeing, with the ingenuity of terror on the most irreparable, she almost shrieked the words, "Duell! and killed."

"Oh no, no!" cried the deeply shocked Constance, "he has not fought, he is not expelled!" she only said, "Expelled!" sighed her mother, in a tone of passive resignation, only produced by previous apprehensions of a more dreadful kind.

Here the step of her husband was heard on the stairs, and Constance, in dread of his more energetic character and manly severity, paid the full penalty of her own system of deception, which she felt unequal to carry any further.

Her mother saved her from an oration too powerful for such a notice in disguise, and, in answer to a scrutinizing glance from her husband, immediately began, with maternal instinct, to apply palliatives to her son's unknown transgression. "Conrad, my dear Fritz," said she softly, "is very young, and his character gentle and complying; there are always sad doings at Heidelberg, and he, I fear, is implicated, at least so says Constance's face, for I have heard no particulars." And

before we hear any wife," interrupted the plain spoken upright old banker, "I will tell you and that trembling girl there how I mean to set towards my only son. If he has wounded or killed a fellow creature in one of these senseless brawls, he shall be put in prison, and his conduct shall be irreparable a calamity, and, if I know his heart, he will stand more in need of parental consolation than severity. If he has merely joined in the idle frolics of a set of misbegotten youths, I will tell him he is a fool for his pains, and trust to time and German good sense to cure him, as they did his father before him; but if, as I think more likely, in one of his philandering turns, he has trifled with the affections of a girl, he shall be put in prison, and his conduct shall be irreparable a calamity, and, if I know his heart, he will stand more in need of parental consolation than severity. If he has merely joined in the idle frolics of a set of misbegotten youths, I will tell him he is a fool for his pains, and trust to time and German good sense to cure him, as they did his father before him; but if, as I think more likely, in one of his philandering turns, he has trifled with the affections of a girl, he shall be put in prison, and his conduct shall be irreparable a calamity, and, if I know his heart, he will stand more in need of parental consolation than severity.

"And what if he has done it already, papa, say, and without earning your permission or any previous injury to her peace?" whispered the delighted Constance, throwing herself into the arms of her mother, and casting a deprecating glance towards her father. "He loved the prettiest and best girl in Heidelberg; she was to have been married next week to the ugliest old scarecrow in all the college. Conrad was miserable: Rose was miserable: the miserable little Constance ran away with them both last night, got them married at Sandorf this morning, and lodged them at this moment in the Römische Kaiser, where you have only to go yourself to see the prettiest sight in all Germany."

Her father held out one arm to his weeping wife, and another to his agonizing daughter, and exclaiming, "Alas, Constance, Constance! he will be a bold man that ventures on you for a wife!" drove to the Römische Kaiser, ran nimbly up stairs, pushed aside his porter, and giving a start to his daughter, who was about to follow him, he said, "Dr. Voss should have had her, he would have turned Mahometan and married her himself!"

The grateful and interesting bride was that day presented with maternal pride by Madame Ranzler to a few privileged friends; and at the great wedding dinner, some days after, to which both Dr. Voss and the interminable Frankfort Gazette, Ranzler, naturally timid, and sharing her anxiety, was silent, and even Constance wished the adventure well over.

The post-boy, though he had professed perfect acquaintance with the bye road leading to the village, got evidently bewildered among the various tracks which crossed each other now amid the tall pines, now on the desolate open heath between—and the moon having now failed them, a light in a distant window was joyfully hailed, and Conrad dispatched to procure information as to the situation of Sandorf. Chance, on this occasion, as on some others, had proved the best of friends, and the lower found himself, with no small joy, at the door of his uncle, who, equally anxious (though in a different department) with his academic brother, was commencing the midnight oil over sundry choice morsels of Hebrew lore, with which he was in the habit of occasionally edifying his parishioners. On a signal from Ranzler, the carriage drew up to the door, and an event (nearly unparalleled to the simple annals of Sandorf) threw the learned Hebraist and his primitive house keeper into paroxysms of painful surprise. Rose, utterly incapable of appearing in the character of a fugitive before an uncle, whose learning had invested him in her eyes with a character little less awful than her father's, remained trembling in the carriage, supported by Conrad, while Constance, who saw herself reduced to carry the tresser by a coup de main, presented herself before the astonished presbyter. "Reverend sir," said she, "this is no time for apologies or explanations. You are of course interested in the welfare of your brother's daughter, the lovely and amiable Rose; and jealous of the honor of your respectable family. A youth, belonging to me, equally reputable and more wealthy, has succeeded, with the assistance of his sister, (who now addresses you,) in carrying her off from Heidelberg, where your brother was about to marry her to a man older than yourself, and not half so good looking. The die is cast—Rose has eloped. The affair, to-morrow morning will ring from Heidelberg to Frankfurt, whither we are hastening; and it remains with you, whether I shall carry my friend there, in disguise, under a deserting young man, or whether they shall wander farther in a very unpleasant situation, and owe to the casual good offices of a stranger their mutual happiness, and the only termination of which your niece's rash step now admits."

This reasoning, though rather vulnerable on some points, was, in the main, unanswerable. The good pastor was little in the habit of arguing with young ladies, and so completely under the dominion of an old one, that when his Dame Jacinta (previously won over below stairs by the secret words of Ranzler, and the sweet looks of Rose) joined in recommending the measure, he could no longer resist; and Rose, more dead than alive, and given away by the sexton, hastily roused from sleep at the double capacity of father and witness, became the wife of the transported Ranzler, and the sister of her faithful Constance.

A bumper of Rhein wine, older than the bride, was the only refreshment the trio had leisure or inclination to partake of, being most anxious to reach Frankfurt early, to anticipate those rumours which a few hours would put in circulation. It was a dreary, dark, and rainy night, and the high-road, the refreshment post-boy and seemingly conscious steeds trotted nimbly towards Darmstadt, where the reported liberality of the youthful travellers failed not to place at their command its gayest wagon and choicest nags.

It was hardly noon when they reached Frankfurt and the Römische Kaiser, which, in preference to any more obscure inn, the sagacious Constance had selected, that the notoriety of her arrival there, with her brother and a young lady, in sight operate in compelling (if necessary) her parents to make the best of an affair they could not hope to conceal. Leaving the young couple to their own devices, what appetite they might, this indefatigable diplomatist threw herself again into the carriage, and drove to her father's door; before reaching which, the distress she intended feigning was exchanged for a real alarm and agitation, little requiring aid from art. Her heart beat violently as she ran up stairs, and when, on entering the room, she found her mother alone, and read in her face the terror inspired by her own pale countenance and haggard appearance, it smote her for inflicting even a momentary pang on so affectionate a parent. She bled, however, good ton far to recede, and to her mother's agonized exclamation, "My son! what of Conrad?" she only answered by a mournful shake of the head. Every fatal contingency of a lawless university life now flashed rapidly across Madame Ranzler's mind, and seeing, with the ingenuity of terror on the most irreparable, she almost shrieked the words, "Duell! and killed."

"Oh no, no!" cried the deeply shocked Constance, "he has not fought, he is not expelled!" she only said, "Expelled!" sighed her mother, in a tone of passive resignation, only produced by previous apprehensions of a more dreadful kind.

Here the step of her husband was heard on the stairs, and Constance, in dread of his more energetic character and manly severity, paid the full penalty of her own system of deception, which she felt unequal to carry any further.

Her mother saved her from an oration too powerful for such a notice in disguise, and, in answer to a scrutinizing glance from her husband, immediately began, with maternal instinct, to apply palliatives to her son's unknown transgression. "Conrad, my dear Fritz," said she softly, "is very young, and his character gentle and complying; there are always sad doings at Heidelberg, and he, I fear, is implicated, at least so says Constance's face, for I have heard no particulars." And

before we hear any wife," interrupted the plain spoken upright old banker, "I will tell you and that trembling girl there how I mean to set towards my only son. If he has wounded or killed a fellow creature in one of these senseless brawls, he shall be put in prison, and his conduct shall be irreparable a calamity, and, if I know his heart, he will stand more in need of parental consolation than severity. If he has merely joined in the idle frolics of a set of misbegotten youths, I will tell him he is a fool for his pains, and trust to time and German good sense to cure him, as they did his father before him; but if, as I think more likely, in one of his philandering turns, he has trifled with the affections of a girl, he shall be put in prison, and his conduct shall be irreparable a calamity, and, if I know his heart, he will stand more in need of parental consolation than severity.

"And what if he has done it already, papa, say, and without earning your permission or any previous injury to her peace?" whispered the delighted Constance, throwing herself into the arms of her mother, and casting a deprecating glance towards her father. "He loved the prettiest and best girl in Heidelberg; she was to have been married next week to the ugliest old scarecrow in all the college. Conrad was miserable: Rose was miserable: the miserable little Constance ran away with them both last night, got them married at Sandorf this morning, and lodged them at this moment in the Römische Kaiser, where you have only to go yourself to see the prettiest sight in all Germany."

Her father held out one arm to his weeping wife, and another to his agonizing daughter, and exclaiming, "Alas, Constance, Constance! he will be a bold man that ventures on you for a wife!" drove to the Römische Kaiser, ran nimbly up stairs, pushed aside his porter, and giving a start to his daughter, who was about to follow him, he said, "Dr. Voss should have had her, he would have turned Mahometan and married her himself!"

The grateful and interesting bride was that day presented with maternal pride by Madame Ranzler to a few privileged friends; and at the great wedding dinner, some days after, to which both Dr. Voss and the interminable Frankfort Gazette, Ranzler, naturally timid, and sharing her anxiety, was silent, and even Constance wished the adventure well over.

The post-boy, though he had professed perfect acquaintance with the bye road leading to the village, got evidently bewildered among the various tracks which crossed each other now amid the tall pines, now on the desolate open heath between—and the moon having now failed them, a light in a distant window was joyfully hailed, and Conrad dispatched to procure information as to the situation of Sandorf. Chance, on this occasion, as on some others, had proved the best of friends, and the lower found himself, with no small joy, at the door of his uncle, who, equally anxious (though in a different department) with his academic brother, was commencing the midnight oil over sundry choice morsels of Hebrew lore, with which he was in the habit of occasionally edifying his parishioners. On a signal from Ranzler, the carriage drew up to the door, and an event (nearly unparalleled to the simple annals of Sandorf) threw the learned Hebraist and his primitive house keeper into paroxysms of painful surprise. Rose, utterly incapable of appearing in the character of a fugitive before an uncle, whose learning had invested him in her eyes with a character little less awful than her father's, remained trembling in the carriage, supported by Conrad, while Constance, who saw herself reduced to carry the tresser by a coup de main, presented herself before the astonished presbyter. "Reverend sir," said she, "this is no time for apologies or explanations. You are of course interested in the welfare of your brother's daughter, the lovely and amiable Rose; and jealous of the honor of your respectable family. A youth, belonging to me, equally reputable and more wealthy, has succeeded, with the assistance of his sister, (who now addresses you,) in carrying her off from Heidelberg, where your brother was about to marry her to a man older than yourself, and not half so good looking. The die is cast—Rose has eloped. The affair, to-morrow morning will ring from Heidelberg to Frankfurt, whither we are hastening; and it remains with you, whether I shall carry my friend there, in disguise, under a deserting young man, or whether they shall wander farther in a very unpleasant situation, and owe to the casual good offices of a stranger their mutual happiness, and the only termination of which your niece's rash step now admits."

This reasoning, though rather vulnerable on some points, was, in the main, unanswerable. The good pastor was little in the habit of arguing with young ladies, and so completely under the dominion of an old one, that when his Dame Jacinta (previously won over below stairs by the secret words of Ranzler, and the sweet looks of Rose) joined in recommending the measure, he could no longer resist; and Rose, more dead than alive, and given away by the sexton, hastily roused from sleep at the double capacity of father and witness, became the wife of the transported Ranzler, and the sister of her faithful Constance.

...yet the beautiful gentleness of Rose (whom she projected visiting to visit her) would, she thought, make a favorable impression on the old couple, and pave the way for a declaration of their son's sentiments. These skillful and cautious maneuvers were, however, totally disconcerted by the abrupt determination of the old Doctor, and nothing remained but to anticipate it, if possible, by a coup de main. This the energy of Constance's character peculiarly qualified her to do, and she was not slow to seize the opportunity. A friendship, similar to that which bound her and Rose, subsisted between her brother and a youth named Freyling, who resided in the house of the same worthy Dr. Schroder. (The doctor of the college,) under whose roof Constance was at present living, a visit to her brother. To Freyling she communicated the astounding intelligence of Rose's approaching immolation, and entreated his assistance in stimulating her diffident and unenterprising brother, to the exploit of carrying her off, taking upon herself the responsibility of the elopement, if it could once be fairly effected. Freyling, though himself once a devoted slave to the charms of Rose, had of late begun to find more congenial attractions in the frank manners and lively conversation of her friend. Various of a double alliance flitted before his eyes, as he listened to the singular proposal, and disposed him to overlook its rashness and eccentricity. The chief difficulty, of course, which presented itself to the two sapient counselors, arose from the want of funds to carry the fair beyond the danger of immediate pursuit, until the marriage could be celebrated in a neighboring territory. This Freyling undertook to obviate, and that without compromising the delicacy of his friend, by keeping him in ignorance of the mode of raising the supplies until after its success, which he entertained little doubt. Recommending secrecy to his fair ally, he sought his fellow-students, at that hour usually assembled to practice gymnastic exercises in the court of the dilapidated chateau.

Having drawn some of the elder ones into a circle round him, and climbed on a fragment of the ruins, which elevated him above the astonished auditors—"My friends," said he, with an air of mock solemnity which was habitual to him, "I hereby exorcise the Demons of selfishness, and banish him from a circle, to which I am about to propose a generous sacrifice worthy of the heroes of antiquity. You all know Rose Muller, most of you love her, but without hope of success, and with the certainty that one alone among you could enjoy the prize, even were it not on the point of being forever snatched from your grasp by a competitor to whom you would die rather than resign it. It is an insult to your understanding, as well as to your feelings, to ask whether each would not gladly yield his pretensions to the lovely Rose, rather than see her consigned to the arms of a dotard? Know, then, that her father has promised her in marriage to Professor Voss, and if some one of our fraternity is not chivalrous enough to rescue her, the finest creature in Germany will be many days eloped, he lost to the world for ever! My friends, a speedy elopement must avert this slur on the university; and as circumstances seem to point out Conrad Ranzler as a person most likely to achieve it with success, I propose, that a sum be forthwith collected among us to defray the expense of the journey, and cover the worthy couple beyond the reach of pursuit—with this proviso, that if Ranzler declines, or fails in the enterprise, it shall be undertaken, and the funds appropriated, by the next who can prove any title to the favor of Rose." The proposal, strange as it may seem to those who do not know German students, was carried by acclamation, and the hat of Freyling filled with as many six dollars as would have amply sufficed for a much more distant expedition. The means of conveyance, and precise time, became the next subject of consideration.

Constance's visit at Heidelberg, and the Season of College, were alike drawing to a close, and she had previously announced to her kind hosts her resolution to avail herself of her brother's escort to perform the journey home to Frankfurt. So far, all would answer extremely well; but to carry off Rose in open day, threatened more difficulty, especially, as in consequence of her impending nuptials, the otherwise obvious pretext of accompanying her friend on a visit to Frankfurt could not be resorted to.

To surmount this obstacle, a brilliant idea presented itself to the inventive Constance. The close of the academic term was to be inaugurated by a gala given by the students to the inhabitants in the beautiful gardens of the castle; and Constance, resigning equal impatience to reach home, and reluctance to lose the fête, proposed to conduct these objects by quitting Heidelberg late on the evening in which it was to take place, and proceeding as far as Mannheim, where she should appear, and there, by the carriage, to be in waiting to receive her. In the dusk of evening, and amid the bustle of the fête, Rose, she flattered herself, might easily be smuggled out of town; and when, in the innocence and civility of her heart, good Dr. Schroder insisted on Madame Muller Ranzler's accepting his Berlin and horses as far as Mannheim, there was something so poignant in clapping in the very protector's carriage, that he had to leave her, and Constance could return for his long absence.

All went on happily, as projected. The fête was unusually brilliant, and the consciousness of the event in which it was to terminate gave, even to the quondam admirers of Rose a cessation of joyful exultation, when they completed the gay youthful men of the enamoured Ranzler, with the awkward and absent professor. Dr. Muller, seeing his daughter closely attended by the bridegroom of his choice, never doubted that all was going on exactly as it should do; nor was any surprise excited when it was discovered that Rose had withdrawn some time before the collation, to assist in the preparations for departure of so dear a friend as Constance.

Rose, who it must be said for her, had, during the whole affair, been nearly passive in the hands of more energetic advisers, trembled violently as the moment approached for abandoning even a father who had never tested for her much amount of affection, but when Constance assured her that his favorite object of getting rid of her would be at least equally accomplished by her marriage with the object of her own affections, she suffered herself to be persuaded.

All the younger and gayer part of the Professor's domestics having been attracted to the fête in the ballroom, there only remained an old grey-headed servant, too little in the secrets of the family to feel any surprise at seeing there, instead of two passengers step into the berlin; nor did the message left in Rose's name, that she had yielded to her friend's entreaty to accompany her to the first stage, and return in the carriage, inspire him with the smallest doubt of its authenticity.

Off set the trio, long many a time to exchange the sober joy of peace of Dr. Schroder's sleek horses, and the contented whistle of his agricultural Jellu, for a rapid of motion surrounding more of a bridal, and especially a stolen one. There was here, however, no immediate danger of pursuit: so they re-

signed themselves to their fate, and in due time reached Mannheim, which, though a somewhat circuitous route to Frankfurt, had been selected by the contrivers of the expedition, both from the facilities afforded by a large city for shaking off their simple character, and as lying more directly in the way to the residence of an uncle of Rose's, its primitive pastor, who they flattered themselves might save them the trouble of a further journey, and be induced to join the hands of the young couple, by the united eloquence of love, friendship, and necessity.

On arriving at the hotel at the entrance of Mannheim where the carriage of Constance's father was to meet them, it was of course inquired for in vain; and the apparently annoyed travellers declining to sleep at the inn, set off, ostensibly, to pass the night at a friend's house, (where Rose was duly instructed to call in the morning for his fair charge,) but in reality to procure from another inn, at the opposite extremity of the town, the chaise and horses, which were to convey her long ere that hour, to her uncle's at Sandorf. To elude observation, as well as to baffle inquiry, should any be made, the anxious Constance and shrinking Rose encoined themselves within a porte-cochere, until Conrad, having hired, in the character of a single traveller, the best post wagon and horses, this second rate inn afforded, came to release them from their awkward situation, and they all gladly quitted Mannheim.

It was fortunate that a faint moon lent its glimmering aid to guide the stupid post-boy and sorry jades along the dreary sandy track which supplied the place of a road through a gloomy pine forest, where not even a sound from their own wheels broke the midnight stillness of the scene. Rose would have been in despair at the novelty and strangeness of her situation, had she not sometimes given a thought to Dr. Voss and the interminable Frankfort Gazette. Ranzler, naturally timid, and sharing her anxiety, was silent, and even Constance wished the adventure well over.

The post-boy, though he had professed perfect acquaintance with the bye road leading to the village, got evidently bewildered among the various tracks which crossed each other now amid the tall pines, now on the desolate open heath between—and the moon having now failed them, a light in a distant window was joyfully hailed, and Conrad dispatched to procure information as to the situation of Sandorf. Chance, on this occasion, as on some others, had proved the best of friends, and the lower found himself, with no small joy, at the door of his uncle, who, equally anxious (though in a different department) with his academic brother, was commencing the midnight oil over sundry choice morsels of Hebrew lore, with which he was in the habit of occasionally edifying his parishioners. On a signal from Ranzler, the carriage drew up to the door, and an event (nearly unparalleled to the simple annals of Sandorf) threw the learned Hebraist and his primitive house keeper into paroxysms of painful surprise. Rose, utterly incapable of appearing in the character of a fugitive before an uncle, whose learning had invested him in her eyes with a character little less awful than her father's, remained trembling in the carriage, supported by Conrad, while Constance, who saw herself reduced to carry the tresser by a coup de main, presented herself before the astonished presbyter. "Reverend sir," said she, "this is no time for apologies or explanations. You are of course interested in the welfare of your brother's daughter, the lovely and amiable Rose; and jealous of the honor of your respectable family. A youth, belonging to me, equally reputable and more wealthy, has succeeded, with the assistance of his sister, (who now addresses you,) in carrying her off from Heidelberg, where your brother was about to marry her to a man older than yourself, and not half so good looking. The die is cast—Rose has eloped. The affair, to-morrow morning will ring from Heidelberg to Frankfurt, whither we are hastening; and it remains with you, whether I shall carry my friend there, in disguise, under a deserting young man, or whether they shall wander farther in a very unpleasant situation, and owe to the casual good offices of a stranger their mutual happiness, and the only termination of which your niece's rash step now admits."

This reasoning, though rather vulnerable on some points, was, in the main, unanswerable. The good pastor was little in the habit of arguing with young ladies, and so completely under the dominion of an old one, that when his Dame Jacinta (previously won over below stairs by the secret words of Ranzler, and the sweet looks of Rose) joined in recommending the measure, he could no longer resist; and Rose, more dead than alive, and given away by the sexton, hastily roused from sleep at the double capacity of father and witness, became the wife of the transported Ranzler, and the sister of her faithful Constance.

A bumper of Rhein wine, older than the bride, was the only refreshment the trio had leisure or inclination to partake of, being most anxious to reach Frankfurt early, to anticipate those rumours which a few hours would put in circulation. It was a dreary, dark, and rainy night, and the high-road, the refreshment post-boy and seemingly conscious steeds trotted nimbly towards Darmstadt, where the reported liberality of the youthful travellers failed not to place at their command its gayest wagon and choicest nags.

It was hardly noon when they reached Frankfurt and the Römische Kaiser, which, in preference to any more obscure inn, the sagacious Constance had selected, that the notoriety of her arrival there, with her brother and a young lady, in sight operate in compelling (if necessary) her parents to make the best of an affair they could not hope to conceal. Leaving the young couple to their own devices, what appetite they might, this indefatigable diplomatist threw herself again into the carriage, and drove to her father's door; before reaching which, the distress she intended feigning was exchanged for a real alarm and agitation, little requiring aid from art. Her heart beat violently as she ran up stairs, and when, on entering the room, she found her mother alone, and read in her face the terror inspired by her own pale countenance and haggard appearance, it smote her for inflicting even a momentary pang on so affectionate a parent. She bled, however, good ton far to recede, and to her mother's agonized exclamation, "My son! what of Conrad?" she only answered by a mournful shake of the head. Every fatal contingency of a lawless university life now flashed rapidly across Madame Ranzler's mind, and seeing, with the ingenuity of terror on the most irreparable, she almost shrieked the words, "Duell! and killed."

"Oh no, no!" cried the deeply shocked Constance, "he has not fought, he is not expelled!" she only said, "Expelled!" sighed her mother, in a tone of passive resignation, only produced by previous apprehensions of a more dreadful kind.

Here the step of her husband was heard on the stairs, and Constance, in dread of his more energetic character and manly severity, paid the full penalty of her own system of deception, which she felt unequal to carry any further.

Her mother saved her from an oration too powerful for such a notice in disguise, and, in answer to a scrutinizing glance from her husband, immediately began, with maternal instinct, to apply palliatives to her son's unknown transgression. "Conrad, my dear Fritz," said she softly, "is very young, and his character gentle and complying; there are always sad doings at Heidelberg, and he, I fear, is implicated, at least so says Constance's face, for I have heard no particulars." And

before we hear any wife," interrupted the plain spoken upright old banker, "I will tell you and that trembling girl there how I mean to set towards my only son. If he has wounded or killed a fellow creature in one of these senseless brawls, he shall be put in prison, and his conduct shall be irreparable a calamity, and, if I know his heart, he will stand more in need of parental consolation than severity. If he has merely joined in the idle frolics of a set of misbegotten youths, I will tell him he is a fool for his pains, and trust to time and German good sense to cure him, as they did his father before him; but if, as I think more likely, in one of his philandering turns, he has trifled with the affections of a girl, he shall be put in prison, and his conduct shall be irreparable a calamity, and, if I know his heart, he will stand more in need of parental consolation than severity.

...yet the beautiful gentleness of Rose (whom she projected visiting to visit her) would, she thought, make a favorable impression on the old couple, and pave the way for a declaration of their son's sentiments. These skillful and cautious maneuvers were, however, totally disconcerted by the abrupt determination of the old Doctor, and nothing remained but to anticipate it, if possible, by a coup de main. This the energy of Constance's character peculiarly qualified her to do, and she was not slow to seize the opportunity. A friendship, similar to that which bound her and Rose, subsisted between her brother and a youth named Freyling, who resided in the house of the same worthy Dr. Schroder. (The doctor of the college,) under whose roof Constance was at present living, a visit to her brother. To Freyling she communicated the astounding intelligence of Rose's approaching immolation, and entreated his assistance in stimulating her diffident and unenterprising brother, to the exploit of carrying her off, taking upon herself the responsibility of the elopement, if it could once be fairly effected. Freyling, though himself once a devoted slave to the charms of Rose, had of late begun to find more congenial attractions in the frank manners and lively conversation of her friend. Various of a double alliance flitted before his eyes, as he listened to the singular proposal, and disposed him to overlook its rashness and eccentricity. The chief difficulty, of course, which presented itself to the two sapient counselors, arose from the want of funds to carry the fair beyond the danger of immediate pursuit, until the marriage could be celebrated in a neighboring territory. This Freyling undertook to obviate, and that without compromising the delicacy of his friend, by keeping him in ignorance of the mode of raising the supplies until after its success, which he entertained little doubt. Recommending secrecy to his fair ally, he sought his fellow-students, at that hour usually assembled to practice gymnastic exercises in the court of the dilapidated chateau.

Having drawn some of the elder ones into a circle round him, and climbed on a fragment of the ruins, which elevated him above the astonished auditors—"My friends," said he, with an air of mock solemnity which was habitual to him, "I hereby exorcise the Demons of selfishness, and banish him from a circle, to which I am about to propose a generous sacrifice worthy of the heroes of antiquity. You all know Rose Muller, most of you love her, but without hope of success, and with the certainty that one alone among you could enjoy the prize, even were it not on the point of being forever snatched from your grasp by a competitor to whom you would die rather than resign it. It is an insult to your understanding, as well as to your feelings, to ask whether each would not gladly yield his pretensions to the lovely Rose, rather than see her consigned to the arms of a dotard? Know, then, that her father has promised her in marriage to Professor Voss, and if some one of our fraternity is not chivalrous enough to rescue her, the finest creature in Germany will be many days eloped, he lost to the world for ever! My friends, a speedy elopement must avert this slur on the university; and as circumstances seem to point out Conrad Ranzler as a person most likely to achieve it with success, I propose, that a sum be forthwith collected among us to defray the expense of the journey, and cover the worthy couple beyond the reach of pursuit—with this proviso, that if Ranzler declines, or fails in the enterprise, it shall be undertaken, and the funds appropriated, by the next who can prove any title to the favor of Rose." The proposal, strange as it may seem to those who do not know German students, was carried by acclamation, and the hat of Freyling filled with as many

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS SINCE OUR LAST.

Philadelphia, Auckland, Havana via Guantamo,
and Rio de Janeiro.
Charles Cunningham, city of St. Domingo, 10 days.
Leeward Is.
Steve Egan, Prunus, Havana, 11 days, mothers;
John Brown, Lisbon, 27 days; oil and wine
Barak Haim, Wigan, 68 days; sugar, 49 days, mfrt.
Toucaner, Merrill, Liverpool, 37 days, mido.
Wm. Poon, Derry, do. do. do.
Omiga, Bremen, Liverpool, 27 days, mido.
Hampton, Cardiff, Calcutta, 20 days, mfrt.;
Enoch, London, Bristol, Eng., 30 days, mido.
R. M. Douglas, Buenos, 10 days, sugar, &c.
CLEARANCES.

Hoboken, N.J.,

-Giles, George, Chesapeake
 -Harris, John, do do do
 -Antoniotti, Kate, near Vera Cruz.
 -Favreille, Constant, Gibraltar.
 -Alexander, W. L., do do do
 -Hewitt, Bangkok, Port au Prince.
 -Cousar, Darrell, Antwerp.
 -Pearce, Brooks, Harrow.
 -Nunn, Elton, Funch, Havana.

PUBLIC SALES AT AUCTION.
 - 73 Market street, a few doors above Second.
Package Sale of British Dry Goods.
 On Wednesday, 25th inst.
 packages, consisting of several invoices, just received from the Transatlantic.

REGULAR INDIGO.
 Tuesday morning, 2d inst., at 10 o'clock, at a General Sale, (see approved notice) a consignment of quality Indigo Indigo, received per boat from Calcutta, and from Calcutta. - Catalogue delivered and Indigo opened for examination one day prior to sale.

Tenth Periodical Sale of
AMERICAN MANUFACTURES.
 by & Tervis in conformity with the provisions of the
 Manufactures will sell
 On Saturday, the 7th of October,
 at 10 o'clock, at the premises of all the exporters of
 is manufactured in the vicinity of Philadelphia, with
 rural assortment of *European* made goods.
 Several advances in such made on goods consigned for

COMLY & TEVIS, Auctioneers.

ST. CECILIA SOCIETY.
 MEETINGS are held on the 1st and 3rd of each month, commencing on Monday evening, the 30th instant, at 8 o'clock at the Music Hall, for the purpose of concert, and the following programme will be presented, and the same will be followed by a social and amicable evening, an address by the Chairman, Managers to take place.
 To commence at 7 o'clock, on the 1st of November, a recital consisting of a rehearsal of Vocal and Instrumental music will be at the Hall on Tuesday evening, the 20th instant—order of the programme as follows:
 W. E. TUCKER, Soloist.
 Sept. 23-31

LEWIS TEASE,
 FASHIONABLE HAIR MANUFACTURER,
 107 N. 124 North Third street, five doors above Main, where there of every description may be had, and also of Hair Oil and Balm, which for beauty and durability, and excellence of materials, is unequal to any found in the city. Also, Castor and Bertram Oils; also, Imitation Beaver, which he offers for sale at very low prices. Country Merchants and Dealers are invited to call, and select the flatters himself he will give general satisfaction.
 A. H. Hats of any shape or quality made to order, at shortest notice.
 Sept. 21-27

TO MERCHANTS AND OTHERS.
 AMER WINTER continues to keep on hand a general assortment of seasonal, square, artificial, these ribbons and Hosiery, and all the latest fashions in the article; where orders for any number, size or pattern will be executed with promptitude and exactness.
 A. H. Hosiery, and all the latest fashions in the article dresses all kinds of Cashmere, Watsons, Capes—

includes their officers in a manner agreeable to the opinion of their shareholders equal to new. Sept. 22-24

Columbian Transportation Line,
BETWEEN Philadelphia and New York, via Lancaster and Washington, for carriage of Merchandise, Special baggage, etc., by steamboats Pennsylvania and Alfred, runs every day Sundays excepted.
For freight apply at the Office, No. 171 North Front St. Philadelphia; and at No. 128, E. 10th St. New York, for rates per ton.
Sept. 23-24

SPRINGWELL & DAVISON, Proprietors.

BOARDING SCHOOL
AT KIMBERTON.
OUR school will commence after the vacation, 2nd of next month. We desire a number of young ladies of good character, with respect to girls, no limitation of age required. Parents and others intending to place their children at school, please call on the undersigned, or write to the following: Messrs. Joseph Warner, William Stevenson, Charles Archer, Robert V. Naeve, John H. Walter, or Samuel Kimberton, corner of Race and Third Streets, Philadelphia, or to the undersigned, Superintendent at the School.
KIMBERTON, Pa.
KIMBERTON, Pa. 25-26

A JOEYMAN WANTED.
A JOYMAN and liberal wages will be given to a hand of the South plantation. Apply at the undersigned's shop on the Lancaster turnpike 1 1/2 miles from Kimberton, Pa.
Sept. 23-24

Charles County, Pa.

UNION CANAL LOTTERY.

TWENTY-FIFTH CLASS.
To be Drawn on the 16th day of November, 1875.

SCHEME.

1	Prize of	\$20,000	\$20,000
1		10,000	10,000
1		5,000	4,000
1		2,000	2,000
1		1,500	1,500
1		1,000	1,000
10		1,000	10,000
20		500	10,000
50		200	4,000
50		100	5,250
50		50	2,500
1,352		10	17,500
16,000		5	53,640

As this scheme computed of 50 numbers by ternary combinations, with a drawn ballulets, there will be 10 prizes of the above of the date mentioned on each. The 1st, 2nd and 3rd of the drawn numbers on 10000 each with 10 of the drawn numbers on 10000 tickets in the scheme, 500 numbers from 1 to 500 numbers, will be placed on wheel on the day of the drawing, and eight of these will draw out, and that ticket having on it, the 1st, 2nd and drawn numbers as a combination, will be entitled to prize of \$20,000

that having on it the 4th, 5th and 6th to 10,000

that having on it the 4th, 5th and 4th, to 4,000

that having on it the 5th, 5th and 4th, to 2,000

that having on it the 6th, 7th and 4th, to 1,500

that having on it the 6th, 5th and 4th, to 1,000

[illegible]

under, Platte valley, and the hillsides are covered with a good Apple Orchard, part of which is the prime of bearing, and generally of the best quality of fruit, the water runs through the premises.

NOTE: A Lot of spruce of Woodland, containing 12 Acres and more, situated in Lower Platte valley, near the mouth of the river, and near Waterman, and others, 9-10 Miles from this place, by the

Trail to Reley,
J. A. WARD, Esq., Pa. agent.

Sept. 23-24*

REMOVAL
JONATHAN WEAVER
HAS REMOVED TO LADIES' SHOES STORE From 100 to 102 ARCH STREET, to No. 2, South E. 9th street, near Gate House Market, (West side,) where he will continue to sell the same quality of goods, as when he resided near
Wagon Road.

THE TRAVELLER

AT THE HOUSE OF THE NILE.

THE TRAVELLER

Revolutionary Ruminations.

AMERICAN AND BRITISH OFFICERS.

There are few that hear of the achievements of distinguished men without forming some idea of their persons and features, and it is always pleasing to know whether the reality answers to the idea.

WHAT'S HONESTY?

What's honesty? It is a good sound hearted honest man, said Uncle Doherty to my good father, as they were discussing the affairs of the neighborhood.

little distance might have been easily mistaken for the American General, but his features, though good, were more pointed, and the expression of his countenance was less benign.

THE TRAVELLER

THE TRAVELLER

Revolutionary Ruminations.

AMERICAN AND BRITISH OFFICERS.

There are few that hear of the achievements of distinguished men without forming some idea of their persons and features, and it is always pleasing to know whether the reality answers to the idea.

WHAT'S HONESTY?

What's honesty? It is a good sound hearted honest man, said Uncle Doherty to my good father, as they were discussing the affairs of the neighborhood.

little distance might have been easily mistaken for the American General, but his features, though good, were more pointed, and the expression of his countenance was less benign.

THE TRAVELLER

THE TRAVELLER

Revolutionary Ruminations.

AMERICAN AND BRITISH OFFICERS.

There are few that hear of the achievements of distinguished men without forming some idea of their persons and features, and it is always pleasing to know whether the reality answers to the idea.

WHAT'S HONESTY?

What's honesty? It is a good sound hearted honest man, said Uncle Doherty to my good father, as they were discussing the affairs of the neighborhood.

little distance might have been easily mistaken for the American General, but his features, though good, were more pointed, and the expression of his countenance was less benign.

THE TRAVELLER

THE TRAVELLER

Revolutionary Ruminations.

AMERICAN AND BRITISH OFFICERS.

There are few that hear of the achievements of distinguished men without forming some idea of their persons and features, and it is always pleasing to know whether the reality answers to the idea.

WHAT'S HONESTY?

What's honesty? It is a good sound hearted honest man, said Uncle Doherty to my good father, as they were discussing the affairs of the neighborhood.

little distance might have been easily mistaken for the American General, but his features, though good, were more pointed, and the expression of his countenance was less benign.

THE TRAVELLER

THE TRAVELLER

Revolutionary Ruminations.

AMERICAN AND BRITISH OFFICERS.

There are few that hear of the achievements of distinguished men without forming some idea of their persons and features, and it is always pleasing to know whether the reality answers to the idea.

WHAT'S HONESTY?

What's honesty? It is a good sound hearted honest man, said Uncle Doherty to my good father, as they were discussing the affairs of the neighborhood.

little distance might have been easily mistaken for the American General, but his features, though good, were more pointed, and the expression of his countenance was less benign.

THE TRAVELLER

THE TRAVELLER

Revolutionary Ruminations.

AMERICAN AND BRITISH OFFICERS.

There are few that hear of the achievements of distinguished men without forming some idea of their persons and features, and it is always pleasing to know whether the reality answers to the idea.

WHAT'S HONESTY?

What's honesty? It is a good sound hearted honest man, said Uncle Doherty to my good father, as they were discussing the affairs of the neighborhood.